

the first volume of his famous book on the French Revolution, the manuscript was burned through the carelessness of a servant. Here is what Carlyle wrote in his Journal: "It is as if an invisible school-master had torn my copy book when I showed it, and said, 'No, boy, thou must write it better.' What can I, sorrowing, do but obey,—obey and think it best." Those are the words of a man who had discovered that sorrow is not here just on its own account, but as a divine challenge to the soul of man.

And now I should like to make two practical suggestions.

One is that we shall never be contented so long as we suffer from an exaggerated sense of our own importance, so long as we think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. We cling with tenacity to what we call our rights and privileges, we think that we are indispensable; if any one seems to slight us we grow furious about it, we fight for what we call recognition, and then if this recognition does not come, we grow bitter and cynical and hard.

We think that life has deceived us with fair but false promises, and happiness takes flight, dwelling with us no more. Every fancied oversight becomes a positive insult purposely hurled at us. Every scratch becomes an infected wound. How much happier we should be, how much better it would be for us and for the world